

THE
Great Feast
OF THE
Gospel-Passover :

OR
The Commemoration of the Sufferings
of Christ, Celebrated in his last Supper.

Matth. 26. chap.

- V. 26. *And as they were eating, Jesus took Bread,
and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the
Disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my Body.*
V. 27. *And he took the Cup, and gave Thanks,
and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it :*
V. 28. *For this is my Blood of the New Testa-
ment, which is shed for many for the remission
of Sins.*

Christ's Flesh and Blood they feed on who Believe.

And he to them Eternal Life doth give.

Christ dy'd, to save from Death his Turtle Dove :

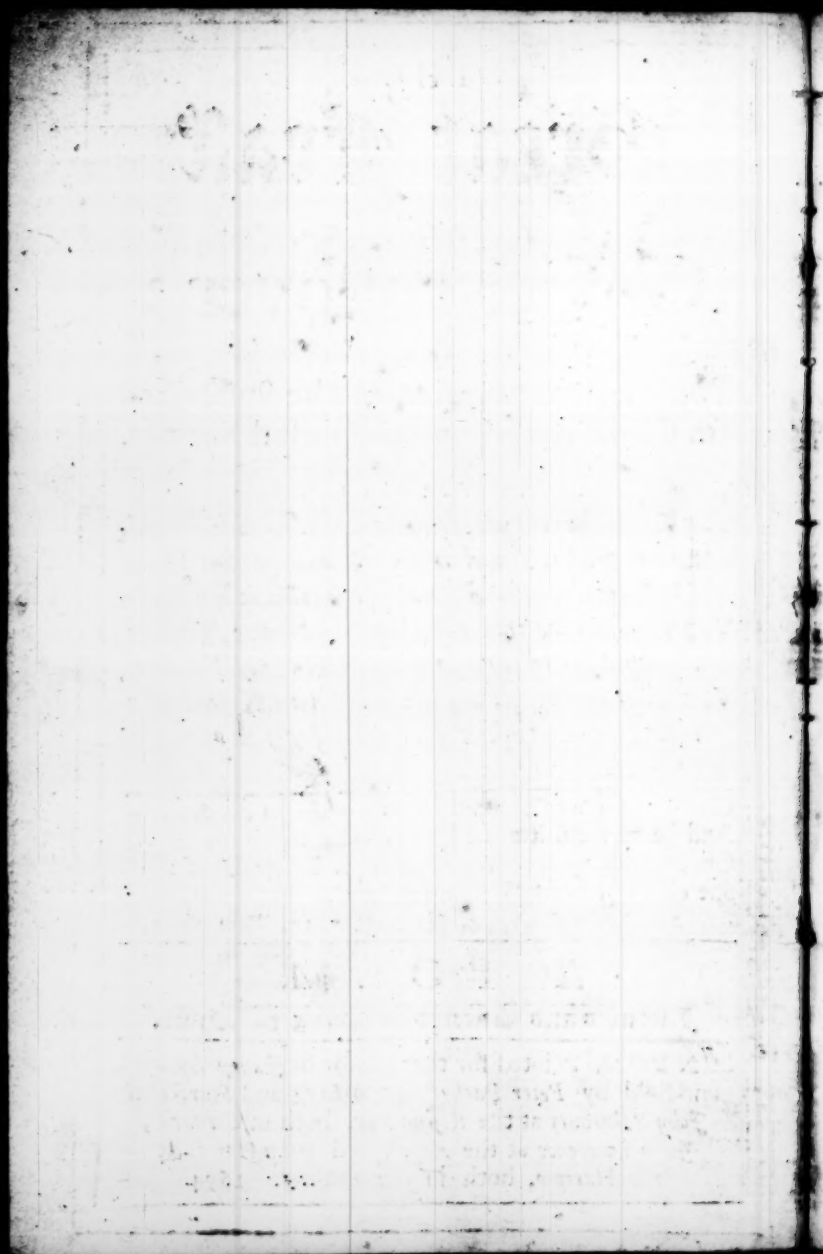
She offers up her self to him in Love.

John 6. 40, 54, 63. Cant. 7. 10. Rom. 12. 1.

A P O E M.

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The Introduction.

THe Supper of the Lord Commemorates
The quintessence of all our Gospel Cates :
Christ's Institution makes each element
Transcendent excellencies represent.

In this great Mysteri lively is held forth
A blessing of inestimable worth.
The apple of the Tree of life is here,
For God himself is a Believers cheer,
The banner of free Grace is here display'd,
And glorious'ly into the heart convey'd :
To Faiths sharp-sighted eye, Christ doth appear
P'rh' oriency of his beauty here ;
And so his golden lines of Love imparts
Unto the centre of Believers hearts.
The Word, doth Trumpet-like, proclaim his grace ;
This, like a Glasse, doth represent his face.
The things we see, far more impression leave
Upon our heart, than those the ear receive.
A Solemn spectacle of Death, invites
That heart to mourn, which an Oration sleights ;
Even so Christ's Death, thus represented, more
Affects our Souls, than preaching on't before.
Thus Christ doth both the soul and senses feast
Of every Self-examin'd longing guest.

The Introduction.

*Christ feasts his Saints with sacred wine and bread,
His body broken, and his life-blood shed :
Christs broken body, to a broken heart,
The onely healing med'cine doth impart.
Christs mourning is become our Song of mirth,
Which gives our dying hopes a Second birth.
Christ by his stripes our wounded Spirits heals,
And his free Grace, with his own Signet Seals :
Thus Christ, to strengthen our weak faith, conjoyns
His Sanctifying Word with sealing signs.
When we sit at his Table, the sweet smell
Of his rich Grace doth Spikenard far excell.
Here, Christ, transfigured before our eyes,
Gives us a glimpse o' th' heave'nly Paradise.
Now we should mount upon Seraphick wings,
To meet this Prince of glory, King of Kings :
Whose mouth an olive-branch of Peace doth bring,
Whose kisses make the Soul with joy to sing.
Christ, in those pleasant Galleries resides,
Wherein the sweet perfume of Grace abides.
Let's on those golden hours high value set,
When we do at free Grace's Table eat :
For Christ himself is present as a Guest,
And is both the Feast-maker and the Feast.
Who put off God with empty shews alone,
He only will to them by Signs be known :
Who but (to Him) the skin of duty give,
The Shell of Comfort only shall receive.
But God, his grace and glory will impart
To those who serve him with a perfect heart.*

THE
GREAT FEAST
OF THE
Gospel-Passover :

OR,

The Commemoration of the Sufferings
of Christ celebrated in his last Supper.

Mat. 26. 26, 27, 28.

ALL Gospel Institutions appertain
Of Right to Christ, who o're his Church
(doth reign :
It is a flower of his Crown, and He
On all Usurpers will avenged be.
Christ to the Deed of Grace subscribes his Name,
Appoints the Seal that ratifies the same.
Christ is the founder of this Ordinance,
Which doth its worth and lustre much advance.
The King of Kings this royal Banquet makes,
Whereof each Subject, high and low, partakes.
This Feast Christ after Supper celebrates,
Which shews it chiefly to the Soul relates :

'Tis not t'indulge the Senses, but to feast
 The Graces, that their strength might be increas'd.
 Christ seeing fear and danger near at hand,
 Now arms his Saints that they may these withstand :
 This Antidote will soon expell their fear,
 This Cordial will their Fainting Spirits cheer.
 As Christ set Bread, so God set Him apart,
 For Mans Redemption, to rejoyce his heart.
 Christ separates and Sanctifies the bread ;
 So All should be that would therewith be fed.
 He therefore chose this very Element,
 'Cause Bread * did formerly him represent.
 Musick and Colours please the Eye and Ear,
 But bread gives life, 'tis that the heart doth cheer.
 As bread doth to the Soul subsistence give,
 So he that eateth Christ, by him shall live.
 As bread new strength † transmits into the heart,
 So Christ doth by this bread more Grace impart.
 Christ both the Soul and Senses satisfies :
 He's bread to th' heart, and beauty to the eyes.
 This bread it will supply of strength extend,
 'Till we again the mount of God ascend.
 Christ sanctifies the Elements, so they
 His crucifixion to the life pourtray ;
 And thus the secret openly imparts,
 How he conveys Himself into our hearts.
 The Signs, through his effectual blessing Seal
 Those priviledges which He doth reveal.
 If He gave thanks who was to shed his blood,
 Then how should we, who drink it for our good ?

* 1 Kings 7. 48. Gen. 14. 18. 1 Kings 19. 6. † 1 Kings 19. 8.

This box of oyntment broke, ill Scents consumes,
 And fills both Heav'n and Earth with its perfumes.
 Christ to his Church in truth might say, I see
 A bloody Spouse * thou hast been unto me.
 Water on red-hot Iron pour'd, makes fire,
 Although the Iron suffers not, expire.
 Christs humane Nature suffering, the divine
 Did then triumphantly in glory shine.
 His birth is like unto the rising Sun,
 His death is like him, when his race is run.
 When as the humane nature was to dye,
 Then the Divine did Justice satisfie:
 Christs Godhead, Majesty and power gave
 Unto his sufferings; so our Souls they save.
 Christ is our Altar, Priest and Sacrifice;
 As man, God-man, † and God; Gods Lamb thus dyes.
 Thus Christ our Passeeover for us was slain:
 At this great feast let pure affections reign.
 Christs lingring, shamefull, cursed Death was Smart,
 The arrow of Gods wrath did pierce his heart.
 His pains were equal to the pains of Hell,
 Which in this || Tragedy are acted well.
 Well might the lamp of Heav'n withdraw his light,
 And mask it self with darkness, black as night,
 As blushing to behold the glorious Sun
 Of Righteousness, this gloomy course to run.
 Upon this King Eternal Life depends;
 This Spring to drooping Souls refreshing lends.
 This Death-bed Cordial fainting Spirits chears,
 This Antidote expells all servile fears.

* Exod. 4. 25. † Mat. 23. 19. || 1 Pct. 2. 21, to 24.

With Christ there were two pair of Thieves that
 For Sin and Satan too, were crucifi'd. (dy'd ;
 Christ also took the Cup, which shews how free
 And large his Merits of Redemption be.
 But how can those Men think with Christ to Sup,
 Who Sacrilegiously withhold the Cup.
 The mortal bleeding of this precious Vine,
 Is signified by this Cup of Wine ;
 Now was the Lilly of the Vallies dy'd
 A deep Carnation Colour for his Bride.
 To Christ this did a cup of Terror prove,
 But to his Church a Cup of dearest Love.
 When He drank of this deadly cup of blood,
 It wrought for her an everlasting good.
 We see in this pure blood, so freely shed,
 Sin fully punisht, fully pardoned.
 Well might the Spouse give Christ her spiced Wine,
 And juice of her Pomgranates* with it joyn ;
 When Christ gave her his blood, spic'd with his
 (Love,
 Perfumed with the Godhead from above.
 Here's Childrens food, with this Christ feasts his
 (Friends,
 These Cates he to each welcom Guest extends.
 For these Christ poured out his Pray'rs, his blood :
 Here's Love transcendent ; O how great ! how good !
 But to th' Impenitent that have not Faith,
 He's given for a stumbling-stone, in wrath :
 His blood, like Chimick drops a pow'r distills,
 That every Patient quickly cures, or kills.

* Cant. 8. 2.

Sinners turn bread to Poyson by their breath,
For Judas from the Tree of Life suckt Death.

Saints, here your Everlasting Joy begins;
This Seals to you Remission of your Sins.
This mercy is of the first Magnitude,
This one all other Blessings doth include.
Whoever hath this Charter granted, is
Enrolled in the Book of * Life and Bliss.
Adoption, Glory, Joy, are fixed here,
Within the Orb of this Cœlestial Sphere.
One fitly styles this feast, the Feast oth' Cross;
For Christ made that our gain, which was his loss.
To say the Bread is Flesh, is most absurd,
Contrary both to Reason, and the Word.
Untill the Serpent turn'd a Rod again,
'Twas no Rod while that species did remain.
This casts contempt upon Christs Ordinance,
Which is design'd his Glory to advance.
Thus they, while thus the bread they Idolize,
Blaspheme Christs Priesthood, slight his Sacrifice.
This minted Fancy dunghill Brains doth yield,
It was not gather'd in the Scriptures Field.
As this blest Ord'nance doth Christs Beauty shew,
So doth its Virtue strength of Grace bestow:
This Breast, this Picture drawn, yields much delight;
It feasts the Eye, and sacred Appetite.
Who in the Sign alone their Scope do summ,
Short of the Mystery and Comfort come.
Be it enacted by the King of Heaven,
This Feast † be kept o'th' first day of the Seav'n.

* Psal. 103. 3, 4. & 32 1. † Act. 20. 7, &c. 1 Cor. 11. 18, &c. & 16. 2.

Those who neglect it through remiss desire,
 Do run into a Gospel-premuniere.
 The Trophie of rich Mercy's here display'd,
 Wherein the ground-work of Salvation's laid.
 To slight this Gospel Mercy is a Crime
 Which God will sharply Punish * in due time.
 Proud Hipocrites do need a flaming Sword
 To keep them from the Table of the Lord :
 Others, Christs whip of small Cords need to drive
 Them, to fetch Virgin Honey from this Hive.
 Christs death must be Commemorated here,
 'Till he at the last Judgment-day † appear.
 Who come without true Grace fixt in the Heart,
 Without true Comfort shall from thence depart.
 To Hipocrites 'tis but a golden Dream,
 If Conscience wakes, their wants prove more extream.
 Though Manna *Isr'els* camp enclos'd, alas !
 They lookt thereon, but wist not what it was.
 These Persons see th' External Element,
 Yet know not Christ, which it doth represent.
 There's Honey in this Spiritual rock,
 Which they n'ere tast of; thus their Souls they mock.
 They feed upon the empty husk and rind,
 While they the fruit and marrow leave behind.
 Like *Isaac* they a kid for Venison take,
 The substance of a shadow they would make.
 Christ crucifi'd before our eyes is laid;
 How is Gods Love to Man herein display'd !
 How far doth this a finite Love excell ?
 This pattern is without a parallel !

* Numb. 9. 3. Luk. 14. 24. † 1 Cor. 11. 26.

We on his Love should greater value set,
 Than if he freely had forgave the Debt.
 That Viper, Sin, Christ off his hand did tofs,
 It was his Love that fixt him to the Cross.
 We're Vanity, yea enmity; yet Christ
 Express his Love to us to th' very high'st.
 When we are fighting with contemptuous Pride,
 He's dying, and the Spear doth pierce his Side.
 The quintessence of Love he did display,
 When we our state and strength had cast away.
 When Christ the travel of his Soul espy'd,
 Redemption brought to light, he's Satisf'd. (a)
 Christ, though he on the Cross hard labour had,
 Yet seeing this man-child brought forth, was glad.
 Fall'n Angells, golden Vessells, he forsakes;
 Of us, though clods of earth, bright Stars he makes.
 Christ dyed once, but he doth ever Love,
 And now doth Intercede for us above.
 How should this Heav'nly fruit our Souls invite!
 How should this Morning-Star our heart delight!
 His unconceivable surpassing Love,
 Our Souls unto an exstasie should move.
 Who parts with all, if this rich Pearl he gains,
 Hath purchas'd more than all the World contains.
 Christ, as a Pipe, that golden Oyl imparts (b)
 Which brings Redemption to our captiv'd Hearts;
 Behold Sins odiousness, in the red glass (pass.
 Of those sharp Sufferings through which Christ did
 Sin, out of Paradise did *Adam* turn,
 And threw the Angells down to Hell to burn.

(a) Isa. 53. 11. (b) 2 Kings 4. 7. Isa. 10. 27. 1 John 2. 20.

This Sin is a peace-breaker, that doth make
 Our God fall out with us, and us forsake.
 Sin, of our Sorrows is the Viprous womb,
 The grave which all our Comforts doth entomb ;
 What crucifi'd our Lord ? Sins Hellish brood
 Made Christ to vail his Glory, lose his Blood.
 If that a woman on that Sword should light
 Which kill'd her Husband, she would hate its sight.
 Do we count that Sin light, call that a joy,
 Which made Christ heavy, took his Life away ? (a)
 What, shall not we those horrid Sins forsake (make ?
 Which did 'twixt God and Christ such distance
 Let Sin with Indignation be withstood, (b)
 Say, 'Tis this Sin that poured out (c) Christs blood.
 Sin pierced Christ, to it no pardon give ;
 Slay that, which would not suffer Christ to live. (d)
 If He who knew no Sin did suffer thus,
 Grudge not if God for Sin do punish us.
 If Christ, who was our head was Crown'd with thorns,
 Shall we think much to suffer taunts and scorns ?
 Think it not strange with Gold and Gems to part,
 When as the nails and spear did pierce Christs heart.
 Sinners may well expect the lash, when He
 Who was an Innocent could not go free.
 What influence should this have on our hearts,
 That Christ for us with his own heart-blood parts !
 The rocks did rend with Christs heart-renting groans ;
 The Senseless heart is harder than the Stones.

(a) Mark 14. 34. Isa. 53. 3. 1 Pet 2. 24. (b) Psal. 22. 1. Mat
 27. 46. (c) 2 Sam. 23. 17. (d) Exod. 21. 28.

What large affection should by us be shown,
 Since he to spare our Life did lose his own?
 O Christ! so fix thy Self within my heart,
 That we may never from each other part.
 This Manna is both Meat and Medicine;
 Its Nature, and its Virtue are Divine.
 Christ comes with Healing underneath his wings,
 Sight to blind eyes, Grace to hard hearts He brings.
 The Saints shall feed with Infinite Delight
 On Christ for ever, with pure Appetite.
 Should this Soul-satisfying Manna cease,
 In Heav'n there neither would be joy nor peace.
 This Blessed Manna, in a Golden shrine,
 The Humane Nature fixt in the Divine,
 And laid up in the Ark of Heav'n, must be
 A Feast for Saints to all Eternitie.
 Christs body on the Cross digg'd, was the field
 Which did the Pearl of our Salvation yield.
 His Blood's a balsom, and a Sweet perfume,
 Which all our Sorrows will by joy consume.
 Favour and Pardon both Christs blood obtains,
 It rents the Vail of Sin, Gods Love regains. (a)
 This blood makes us to mount on Eagles wings,
 A quickning Pow'r into the Soul it brings. (b)
 Its merit doth the wrath of God appease;
 Its Vertue cleanse our hearts from Sins disease. (c)
 The Word's a glass which doth our Spots display,
 Christs blood a Fountain to wash them away. (d)

(a) Col. 1. 21. 1 John 2. 2. (b) John 6. 54. Lev. 17. 11. Isa.
 40. 31. (c) Heb. 9. 14. 1 John 1. 7. (d) Zach. 13. 1.

This blood the foulest Spots will cleanse alone,
But 'twill not wash with Composition.

Lots Incest, *Noahs* Drunkennets, will grow,
Though crimson Sins, by this blood white as Snow.
Saints Merits, Pray'rs of Angels, will but smear,
The smallest Spot they will not cleanse or clear.

Yet on this one black spot takes no effect,
But 'tis to him who doth its use reject. (a)

This blood will turn a stone into a Spring,
From Rocky hearts floods of Repentance bring.
The Jaylors heart, like melting wax, would take
Any Impression God should please to make. (b)

When Sin and guilt do set the heart on flame,
This blood, like Springs of water, cools the same. (c)

This Cordial, at the hour of Death, will bring
Such comfort as will make the Soul to sing. (d)

Through this red Sea of blood, a gracious Man
Enters into the Heav'nly *Canaan*. (e)

The Gate of Heav'n, which Sin did shut, this key,
Doth openly again to us display.

The blood o'th' Cross Eternal Life distills,
This Tree's blest Fruit the Soul with comfort fills.

To know Christ crucifi'd *Paul* highly priz'd ;
And so should we ; 'tis blifs Epitomiz'd. (f)

The Crowns of Kings are Crosses tumbling down,
The Cross of Christ it is the only Crown.

Let's meet the Lord with well-prepared hearts,
Who to our Souls such Heav'nly food imparts. (g)

(a) Heb. 10. 29. (b) Acts 16. 30. (c) Jam. 3. 6. Isa. 32. 2.
(d) Cant. 1. 2. (e) Heb. 10. 9. (f) 1 Cor. 2. 2. (g) 1 Sam.
7. 3. Rom. 9. 22, 23.

Christs blood th' Unworthy do not drink but spill,
 To whom God will his cup of Fury fill. (a) (touch,
 The Word's a Touchstone, bring thy Heart to th'
 There take a proof, try if thy heart be such. (b)
 Reflexive acts are difficult, yet we
 Must inward look, our Spirits face to see:
 If in the Cov'nant we no interest have,
 'Tis height of Pride the Seal thereof to crave.
 Would'st have sin mortifi'd, thy wants supply'd,
 Thy Graces strengthen'd? let thy heart be try'd.
 If thou without a wedding Garment come,
 The Lord will try thee, and give thee thy doom. (c)
 We are to deal with God, who gave us breath,
 In matters which concern both Life and Death.
 Let Grace our hearts so ballast, we may Sail,
 Least Gods fierce storms of Fury make us fail. (d)
 That heart cannot be good that wants true light,
 No more than can the eye that wants its sight. (e)
 Gods Frowns, our Surfeit punish, and excite
 Our Stomack to an Holy Appetite.
 Let's spread the Sails of our desires, so will
 The gale of Heav'nly blessings soon them fill : (f)
 What Royalty, and what Magnificence
 Doth God in this great Feast to Saints dispence!
 Here's Heav'nly bread, here's juice of the true Vine;
 These fill the Gracious Soul with joy Divine.
 This Store-house of Cœlestial blessings, yields
 Life, Peace, Salvation; Come, let's reap these Fields.

(a) 1 Cor. 11. 27. Jer. 25. 15. (b) 1 Cor. 11. 28. (c) Mat.
 22. 12. (d) Mat. 22. 12. (e) 1 Cor. 11. 28. & 14. 15. Rom.
 12. 1, 2, 3. (f) Mat. 15. 22, to 28. Luk. 18. 38, 39. 2 Sam. 23. 15.

All Heav'n's sweet delicacies at this Feast,
 Are served in, t'accommodate each Guest. (a)
 From Earth to Heav'n's a Journey of great length,
 So we shall need a fresh supply of Strength.
 By Sins, wants, foes, we many dangers run,
 Grace needs new Strength, and Duties must be done.
 Since, by the way, our Souls recruit will need,
 On this Divine repast let's freely feed. (b)
 Christ, is a Fountain flowing to each Guest,
 It is but crying, and he gives the Breast :
 Christ on the thirsty Soul his Blessings pours,
 As freely as the Clouds distill in Showers. (c)
 Here is no fear of Surfeit by excess,
 The strongest Appetite Christ most doth bless.
 Christ saith, Come, Drink abundantly my Dove,
 Be thou *inebriated* with my Love : *Heb.* (d)
 If People lose their Stomacks, Christ will say
 Unto the Foe, Come take the cloth away.
 The Cup of blessing will Support the heart,
 When Persecutions Cup doth make it Smart.
 This did embolden Saints of Old to stand
 With Courage, 'gainst the Persecuting band.
 Let this Sauce sharpen our dull Appetite,
 That we may feast our Souls with more Delight.
 When Sin doth broach our hearts with brinish tears,
 The Sweetness of Christs Love the more appears. (e)
 True Gold hath some allowance, if too light,
 So shall the Upright heart, whose aim is right ;

(a) Isa. 25. 6. (b) 1 Kings 13. 7. Isa. 40. 31. (c) Rev. 22. 17.
 (d) Eph. 5. 18, 19, 20. Acts 2. 4. 13, 15. Heb. 13. 15. Cant.
 5. 1. (e) Zach. 12. 10.

Who seeks both Sin and Satan to defeat,
And strives to make his Holiness compleat. (a)

Let strong endearments of Affection flow,
When Christ his Love so freely doth bestow. (b)
With empty hearts, unto this Well, now come,
And draw Salvation out, which blis doth Summ.
Christ with the humble heart Delights to dwell,
And makes it with the fruits of Grace excell. (c)
How can those Worms feed on this Heav'nly meat,
Who, like the Serpent, only dust do eat?

Unlikeness, from Communion us debars;
What likeness is 'twixt clods of earth and Stars?
An earthly man the World his God doth make;
So vainly thinks another God to take.

I'th' Heav'nly Altitudes affection place,
And mount up on the soaring wing of Grace. (d)
Who Faithless to this Heav'nly Banquet come,
May well expect they shall go Fruitless home.

Against Faiths eagle-eye there is no Fence,
It pierceth into things Remote from Sense.
Of Heav'n it Self, our Faith a prospect takes,
And the Invisible her Object makes.
She through the lattice of an Ordinance
Sees how Christ doth his glorious Name advance.
And, which promotes our Everlasting good, (blood.
Beholds Christs Love, come Streaming through his
Who by the eye of Faith behold his Grace, 34
With glorified Eyes shall see his Face. (e)

(a) 2 Chron. 30. 19. (b) Cant. 2. 6. (c) Isa. 57. 15. Cant. 2. 1, 2, 3. (d) 1 Cor. 10. 16. (e) Heb. 11. 27.

By eating, *Adam* dy'd; by It we live:
 Feed on the Bread of God, which Life doth give.
 Here Christs Divine and Humane Nature are
 Both dished out; here is delicious Fare.
 From him all kind of Vertues freely flow:
 To him for Grace, and Peace and Comfort go.
 The hand of Faith Christs Merit doth receive,
 Which Justifies each Soul that doth believe.
 This Ring retains the Stone that stancheth blood,
 This vein draws juice from Christ our heav'nly food ||.
 That Christ would feed and cloath her, Faith desires;
 This humble Grace but to this pitch aspires, (b)
 False Faith will break, though Gloriously it show,
 By Persecutions hammer at a blow.
 Like *Jonahs* gourd, sprung up before the day,
 By Persecutions blast Consumes away. (c)
 False Faith is fancies fruit, true Faith's a flow'r
 Produced by the Spirits mighty Pow'r.
 True Faith is an outlandish Plant, from Heav'n
 Extracted, bought with blood, by Grace 'tis giv'n.
 Our heart-deep Groans, and Pangs will make us
 Before this sacred Infant can be born. (d) (mourn,
 The Hipocrite loves those that praise him much;
 Not those who bring his Faith to Scripture-touch.
 Good *David* Prayes that God himself would try
 His heart and reins; this shews Integrity. (e)
 An Hipocrite will sell his Faith for wealth;
 For he hath none but what he got by Stealth.

|| Eph. 3. 19. 2 Pet. 1. 9. (b) 1 Pet. 1. 9. (c) Mark 4. 3, &c.
 (d) Act. 2. 37. (e) Psal. 26. 2.

A Saint will not his shield of Faith exchange
 For a Crown of Gold ; though some may think it
 An Hipocrite would Christ for Surety take, (strange.
 Not of himself to Him surrender make.

True Faith's impartial, Christ 'twill wholly own,
 Rely on, hearken to, serve him alone.

Christ saith I with my body thee endow ;

The Soul saith I alone to thee will bow.

The Hipocrite is nothing else but Creed ;

He no Commandement doth purely heed. (a)

Can health consist with Vitals perished,

Or Faith be true while men in Sin are dead ?

True Faith, the mystery of Faith doth hold,

In a good Conscience ; this makes Christians bold. (b)

The Woman who toucht Christ by Faith she felt,

Such Virtue as her stony heart did melt. (c)

Although true Faith of Sin leave some remains,

Yet she of it a mighty Conquest gains.

The Fatling is the Hipocrites repast ;

He in a Promise can no sweetness's tast.

Yet is the Word, when Faith doth set it home,

More rich than Wine, more Sweet than (d) th' Hony-
 (comb.

Some thought their Faith, a living Child ith' bed ;

But looking, found it a strange Infant dead.

Avoid Presumption : Cherish faith tha'ts good,

Which doth concoct Christs precious flesh and blood.

The blood of Christ, like *Aqua vita*, doth

Its Vertue lose, put in a dead-mans mouth.

(a) Jer. 3. 4, 5. (b) 1 Tim. 3. 9. (c) Mark 5. 33, 34. (d) Psal.
 19. 20. Cant. 1. 2.

Purge out th' old leaven, Malice, which will sowre,
 The Ordinance, and make it lose its Pow'r. (a)
 Though bitter tears become a welcome Guest,
 Let bitter Spirits keep from this Love-feast;
 Christs blood between the Lord and us makes Peace,
 And should make strife among the Saints to cease.
 Should they who make the flesh of Christ their cheer,
 With rage the flesh of one another tear?
 Who comes with hatred to this Table, He
 Will both a Murderer and Traytor be:
 He like a *Judas* will his Lord betray;
 And, like to *Cain*, will his own Brother slay. (b)
 It thou to Poys'nous malice do'st enure
 Thy heart, think not this Cordial should thee cure.
 They know not God, the Gospel, or true Grace,
 That by this Sin Religion do deface. (c)
 Should Saints divide, when devils do unite?
 Could Love once cement us we storms should slight.
 It, great reproach upon the head doth cast,
 When members one anothers honour blast.
 The fire of rash Contention, Lord remove,
 And kindle in our hearts the fire of Love.

As every Creature, so each Ordinance,
 Pray'r Sanctifies, and doth Gods Name advance.
 Thus as the Elements convert to food,
 Our Souls shall reap a Spiritual good,
 For Heav'n, the Dove of pray'r put on the wing,
 And it the Olive branch of Peace will bring.

(a) 1 Cor. 5. 7. (b) 1 Joh. 3. 15. (c) 1 Joh. 4. 19. Eph. 6. 15.
 Jam. 3. 17.

We should Gods prefence and assistance crave,
 That by this Ord'nance he may glory have.
 That it may feast our Graces, and to all
 Our flestly Lusts become a Funeral.
 Pray, it may be a Sign, Seal, Instrument,
 To Teach, Confirm, and yield Soul-nourishment.
 For these, send pray'r as Harbinger before,
 Both to bespeak, and open us the door.
 The Tree of blessing, shook by Pray'r, recruits,
 The fainting Spirits, with her Cordial fruits.
 The Lord will not his Mercies cast away
 On those who seek them not, nor for them pray.
 With Sighs and groans, let's wrestle with the Lord:
 The Lukewarm Suitor is by him abhorr'd. (a)
 Speak in the Language which God understands:
 Who in the Spirit prays, his God commands. (b)
 Prayer to walk in, is a Golden path:
 As a crutch to lean on, it no Power hath:
 In our best Garments God can holes espy,
 Our Righteousness as filthy rags descry.
 In preparation mercy hope to find;
 Deny thy Self when thou do'st Justice mind. (c)
 Our Services, not purged by Christs blood,
 Do carry Evil in them; but no Good.
 Use means; in Christ your Confidence still place,
 For your acceptance at the Throne of Grace.
 Be like the Dove, which us'd her wings to fly;
 But on the Ark for Safety did rely.

(a) Gen. 32. 24. Rom. 8. 26. Jude 20. (b) Eph. 6. 18. Isa.
 45. 11. Jam. 1. 5, to 8. (c) Luke 17. 15. Isa. 64. 6.

Thus qualifi'd ; Gods Love shall us Surround ;
 We, with his fullness shall be fill'd and Crown'd. (a)
 Come hungry thirsty Soul, Christ calls on thee,
 To Sup with him ; fear not, his Grace is free †.
 Christ of our Sins and sickness felt the smart
 His precious Blood will cleanse thy leprous heart. (b)
 Presumptuous Sin, which doth Gods grace abuse,
 Opens the mouth of Conscience to accuse, (peace:
 And stops the Spirits mouth which should speak
 Yet to Sue out thy Pardon do not cease, (c)
 But on Christs blood, thy Anchor-hold, rely,
 Which cleanseth Sin, though of a Crimson dye.
Noah was drunk though Saved from the flood ;
 And *David* stain'd his Soul and Robe with blood :
 That Fountain still is open, to wash in,
 Which cleansed them, and it can cleanse thy Sin. (d)
Peter denyes his Master, others fled :
 Christ, of his Resurrection from the dead
 Sends them the joyful News, and passeth by
 Their failings ; knowing their Infirmary : (e)
 Of his Ascension also lets them know,
 Uniting joys above with those below. (f)
 The blood of Christ, like *Abels*, hath a voice ;
 Whose Language makes the drooping Soul || rejoyce.
 To Sin 'tis Mortal, Vital unto grace ;
 Meet Christ by Faith, his Love shall thee embrace †.

(a) Eph. 3. 19. † Rev. 3. 20. Mark 2. 4, 5. (b) 1 Tim. 1. 15. Isa. 53. 4. Luk. 14. 21. Lev. 14. 7. (c) 1 King. 11. 9. (d) Zach. 12. 1. (e) Math. 26. 56, 69, to 75. (f) Joh. 20. 17. Mark 16. 7. || Heb. 11. 14. † 1 Tim. 1. 5.

When Grace doth strength against Corruption win,
 When frozen hearts melt into tears for Sin,
 When th' herb of Grace doth flourish, 'tis a Sign,
 The Sun of Righteousness on thee doth Shine. (a)

To venture on Christs blood true Faith is bold,
 Hopes Christ will forth his Golden Scepter hold. (b)

If God thy Soul with gladness doth not fill,
 To fil't with Goodness, he hath giv'n his Bill. (c)

To wait upon the Lord thy Self enure,
 His mercies oft are Speedy, always Sure. (d)

This Sacred Festival, is to improve
 The living mem'ry of Christs lasting Love. (e)

Christs Passion, keep within the Ark, thy mind;
 'Tis hidden Manna for the Soul design'd. (f)

Christs broken body Sovereign Power hath,
 To keep us from Gods dreadfull flames of Wrath.

His broken body is our Sacrifice.

This box of precious Jewells open lyes; (g)

His broken body brake the Serpents head,

Now at the Throne of Grace we freely plead.

To be an Heir of promise yields Renown

Of higher value than an earthly Crown.

To Christ the Cross a bloody way did prove,

To us the milky way to Heav'n above.

Christ drank a bitter cup of gall, that we

With streams of Honey might refreshed be.

(a) Zach. 10. 12. Canr. 4. 7. (b) Joh. 6. 37. Mich. 7. 19. Joh.
 20. 24. (t) Psal. 107. 9. Luke 1. 53. (d) Isa. 55. 3. (e) 1 Cor.
 11. 25. (f) Joh. 6. 48, to 63. (g) 1 Cor. 5. 7. Joh. 1. 16.

His Cross bestuck with nails, his flesh did tear,
 That we a Crown beset with Gems might wear.
 Christ on the Cross extends his arms of Love,
 T' embrace his Saints, and their affections move.
 Though Sin, which shed Christs blood, may tears
 (invite;

His blood, which Sin expells, should joy excite. (a)

Our thoughts of Christ should work Conformity;
 His dying for us, make Sin in us dye. (b)

If this Soul-festival a dry breast prove,
 Our Faith doth not co-operate with Love.

When we on fat things feed, drink wine in bowls,
 Shall leanness Seize upon our full-fed Souls? (c)

Faith puts the bond in Suit, to God she cries;
 Trusts Him without a pawn, on him relies. (d)

Faiths rod doth Smite the rock of Heav'n, and so
 Our want Supplies; makes Oyl and Honey flow.

A great Faith opens Heav'n, the world subdues, (e)
 Gods Glory still prefers, our Vows renews.

Our passion checks, our works by it are grac't,
 So gives our duties a Delightfull tast. (f)

Our Glory antedates, and by its might
 Makes things at greatest distance to unite. (g)

Thus the Spring-head of Faith aspireth high;
 While nature Sinks, or at her foot doth lye.

This Faith in greatest Storms will steadfast stand,
 'Tis a' Pillar in Gods house, not built on Sand.

(a) Gal. 6. 14. (b) Phil. 3. 10. Gal. 6. 14. (c) Mat. 13. 28.
 (d) Hab. 3. 17, 18. (e) Psal. 37. 3. (f) 1 Joh. 5. 4. 2 Sam.
 22. 22. Rom. 9. 1. 1 Thess. 1. 6. (g) Heb. 11. 1.

To take Faith off its Principles ar't bent,
 First cast the Sun out of the Firmament. (a)
 This Faith trusts in an angry God, and knows
 That though he frowns, Gods love unto him † flows.
 A vigorous Faith, though it be beaten back,
 Comes on again, its courage grows not slack.
 Treble repulses *Cana's* Woman takes,
 Discouragements good Arguments she makes;
 And so with a fresh onset, winning Fame,
 Her Faith prevail'd, for Christ she overcame:
 Her key of Faith unlockt his bowels: so,
 He granted her request, e're she did go:
 She having got his Heart, might likewise have,
 His treasure too; all that she askt He gave. (c)
 Suff'ring, before the Smallest Sin 'twill chuse,
 And Sanctity, though it should safety lose.
 A Saint can Sail to Heav'n 'gainst wind and tide,
 Vain Reason, and Temptation cast aside.
Abra'ham by Faith the hardest knots unties;
 Presents his onely Son in Sacrifice:
 Knowing that God could from his ashes raise,
 A Mediator: *Abr'ham* God obeys. (d)
 Upon his Champion-Faith the Lord did set,
 A Trophy of great Honour, lasting yet. (e)
 Faith trades with God for time, it makes not hast;
 Long Voyages have rich returns at last. *

Who in this glorious Path of Faith have trod,
 Declare the fruit of their Converse with God. (f)

(a) Rev. 3. 12. † Jonah 2. 4. (c) Mat. 15. 28. (d) Heb. 11.
 18, 19. (e) Gen. 22. 16, 17, 18. * Isa. 28. 16. (f) Heb. 11. chap.
 Infant

Infant believers, though your Faith be weak,
 If true, this bruised Reed Christ will not break.
 A weak Faith on a strong Christ can rely;
 A palfie hand the Marriage knot can tye. (a)
 The stronger Faith the firmer union makes,
 And of Christ's Sweeter influence partakes.
 Profession's honour'd when our grace doth Spring;
 Strong Faith to God doth greater glory bring. (b)
 Christ nurseth us with his own Breat and blood;
 On this expresseless Love, let's chew the Cud.
 Though nought of Satisfaction can be done,
 Something of Gratulation may be shown.
 Christ our Sin-off'ring, did our Souls relieve;
 Our Selves to Him, as a Thank-offring give.
 Let us be steel'd with Courage; Fight, not fly;
 It is our Glory for the Truth to dye. (c)
 Let's live to Him who dy'd for us, dispense
 Our choicest Gifts; our Gold and Frankincense. (d)
 Christs blood can kill our Sin, our grace increase;
 Let's bring forth Fruits of Righteousness and Peace. (e)
 Lets with Seraphick Zeal the Truth embrace;
 Zeal loves Truth most, when hate besmears its face. (f)
 The Lord all knowledge void of Practice hates,
 A Luke-warm Temper, Christ abominates. (g)
 Lord let the Altar of our hearts still flame,
 With holy Zeal, to magnify thy Name.
 To God let us our hearts, hands, voices raise,
 And dedicate our Selves unto his Praise.

(a) Rom. 14. 1, 12. Mat. 12. 20. (b) Rom. 4. 20. (c) 1 Pet. 4.
 14. Dan. 3. 17. (d) Mat. 2. 11. (e) Cant. 7. 7. Numb. 5. 27, 28.
 (f) Psa. 119. 126, 227. (g) Hos. 7. 1. Rev. 3. 15. (h) Psa. 116.
 16, &c.

If by his Presence Christ our hearts revives,
 Let us declare it by our heav'nly lives.
 Let us new *Cana's* sacred Language use,
 Becoming words, by gracious Prudence chuse,
 While words of Truth and Soberness we speak,
 Out, from our Lips doth healing balsom break : (a)
 Let our Affections fix on things above, (move (b))
 Our breathings Heav'n-ward like sweet Incense
 In Saints, angelick Sanctity should shine,
 Our Conversation should be all divine.
 As Coyn within the ring an Image bears,
 And yet without a Superscription wears.
 So where Christs Image in the heart is found,
 His Name writ in our Life should it surround.
 But fleshly Lusts a Christian should not name,
 For it becomes him to walk void of blame. (c)
Judas, the Devil with the sop receives,
 So of the blessing he himself bereaves. (d)
 Afresh the Lord of glory's Crucifi'd
 By those who from his Precepts turn aside. (e)
 He that unworthily drinks of this Spring,
 Upon himself doth Twist damnation bring. (f)
 O that the lustre of our Holiness
 Might in our lives convicting proof express !
 That in this Ordinance which Christ ordains,
 Confirming and transforming Pow'r remains !

(a) Col. 4. 6. 1 Pet. 3. 15. Acts 26. 25. Prov. 15. 1, 4, & 12.
 18, 19. & 25. 11, 12, 15. Jam. 1. 26. (b) Col. 3. 2. Phil. 3. 11,
 20. (c) 1 Pet. 2. 11, 12. Eph. 5. 3. (d) Joh. 13. 26. 30. (e) Heb.
 6. 4, 5, 6. 2 Pet. 2. 1, 21, 22. (f) 1 Cor. 6. 9, 10, 11. &
 11. 27, to 30.

Christs blood hath reconciled us to God,
 He, underfoot, hath Sin and Satan trod.
 What cordial Comfort for our Souls is here ?
 What need we now the proudest Foe to fear ? (a)
 If Satans pensil paint our Sins in grain,
 Christs blood, that Sponge, will wipe them out again.
 His blood the Debt-book crost, the Law discharg'd;
 All bonds are Cancell'd, and our Souls enlarg'd.
 This Sacrifice a full atonement makes, (b)
 Whereof each Saint eternally partakes.

'Tis call'd the blood of the New Testament,
 Which is a Will of an unknown extent.
 The Saints may Pardon, Grace, and Glory claim;
 Christ by his Death gave force unto the same;
 The Will was Sealed when Christs blood was shed.
 These Gifts are in the Scriptures registred. (c)
 Art thou not fill'd with Joy, posselt of Heav'n ?
 Yet by this Will it is confirm'd, and giv'n:
 The Deed is Seal'd, th' Inheritance is sure;
 Than let us Hardship cheerfully endure.
 A dying Christ allays the pangs of death,
 'Tis Conquered, and beaten out of breath.
 Christ by his death cut off the lock of Sin,
 So his strength fails, and he hath sleighted bin.
 He brake this Lyons teeth, pluckt out the Thorn
 Which often had the Conscience prickt and torn. (d)
 Death is disarm'd, then why should Christians fear ?
 For though it strikes, it cannot sting or tear.

(a) Acts 20. 28. Rom. 8. 34. Gen. 3. 15. (b) Heb. 9. 10, &c.
 &c. 5. 6. (c) Heb. 9. 16. (d) Hosea 13. 14. 1 Cor. 15. 54. to 57.

Death's poyson Christ drew out, so 'tis become
 A friendly Beast, to carry Christians home.
 Faith Heav'n presents, and Death possession takes;
 Thus death a blessed Change for Christians makes.
 Christs precious blood makes Deaths pale face appear
 Ruddy Complexion'd; this our hearts should cheer.
 But here's a dark side of the Cloud to those
 Who dye in Sin, and Gospel-grace oppose.
 Christ is a Load-stone, whose attractive Love
 Makes his Elect with fervor Heav'n-ward move.
 But like a Mill-stone, sinks down deep in Hell
 Those Reprobates, who 'gainst his Laws rebell.
 Who sleight Christs blood, and count it but as dross,
 Shall feel that wrath, which Christ felt on the Cross.
 Because they can't at once endure that woe,
 It, to Eternity they undergo. (a)
 Sinners will not believe till 'tis too late,
 The wretchedness of their Eternal state.
 'Tis said the Mole is blind untill she dyes,
 So Satan, this Worlds God, blinds Sinners eyes;
 But dying, Conscience sees a gloomy light,
 So of Gods flaming Wrath they have a sight:
 Which sight will but a dreadful Prologue be
 To an eternal horrrid Tragedie. (b)

(a) 2 Theff. 1. 9. (b) 2 Cor. 4. 4.

FINIS.

On the Excellency and Usefulness of
Gospel Doctrine,

Both in Publick and Private.

THe Doctrine of free Grace, and of its Seals,
 By Faith apply'd, our wounded Spirits heals.
 It is our daily food ; and every Guest
 Upon the Sabbath, on the same doth Feast.
 This Manna is a delicate so rare,
 We never shall desire to change our Fare.
 When God doth not his Publick means afford,
 He privately Supports us by his Word.
 God doth the Poor maintain in health, as well,
 As those who in a Princes palace dwell.
 A Child is nourisht, and his strength increas'd,
 With Milk ; conveyed by the Spoon or Breast.

John 5. 39. & 6. 63. & 17. 17. 1 Tim. 1. 5. Heb. 6. 1, 2.
 2 Tim. 3. 15, 16. Rom. 15. 4. Rom. 1. 16, 17. Eccl. 12. 9, to
 14. Rom. 7. 14. Isa. 8. 20. Psa. 1. 1, 2. & 19, 7, 8, 9, 10, &
 219. 1. to 12, 97. Deut. 4. 6, 7, 8. Gal. 2. 20. 1 Pet. 1. 3. to
 9. & 2. 1, 1, to 11. Acts 20. 6, 7.

Upon

Upon the Question, *Whether the Righteousness of Christ, or our Faith justifies us ?*

WE oft unto the Servant that apply,
Which is the Master's in Propriety.
God sent his Son, the Spirit gave the Word, ^(a)
The Word brings Faith, and Faith doth Works afford.
The Platform of Salvation thus display'd,
Each Stone must in his proper place be laid.
The Father chooses, and the Son procures,
The Spirit sanctifies, so Life assures.
The Causes and the Means are here conjoyn'd,
To each his proper Function is assign'd:
If Faith or Works Christs Justice should displace,
It would the Gospel Doctrine quite deface.
The Father, Son and Spirit justifie,
The which the Word, Faith & good Works descry b:
Even as the Root, the Body, and the Head,
Their precious Fruits abundantly do spread.
When sacred Truth, the Heart, by Faith receives,
Its testimony by good Works it gives.
How perfect are these sacred Symmetries !
How sweetly all, together harmonize !

(a) 1 Thes. 1. 5. & 2. 4, to 13. & 3. 2. & 2 Thess. 1. 8. & 2. 13, 14, 15. (b) Rom. 8. 33. 1 Cor. 1. 30. Rom. 8. 15, 16. Hab. 2. 4. Gal. 2. 16, to 21. Jam. 2. 10. to 26. compared with 1 Thes. 5. 23. 1 Cor. 1. 30. 2 Thess. 2. 13. Joh. 17. 17. Acts 26. 18. Heb. 11. ch. & 12. 1, 2. 1 Pet. 3. to 9.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 3. line 27. for *King* read *Hinge*.

Page 12. l. 15. for *anaundantly*, r. *abundantly*.

